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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
"I envy nobody no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill and grinds the oorn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—Charles Mackay.

EXPLAINING "THE DUMMY RACKET"

FAKE DEAF-MUTE PHILOSOPHIES, IN JAIL, ON CHECKERED EXPERIENCES OF A CROSS-CONTINENTAL PANHANDLING TOUR.

From the N. Y. World

Brunettes are more sympathetic and generous when approached by beggars than blondes. Young people are much more liberal, as a general thing, than older ones. Flappers will sheepishly slip you a quarter where cake-eaters will gorgeously flip you a nickel. And middle-aged men who drink are almost always good fellows. Especially if you are posing as a deaf-mute!

Nineteen-year-old George Abbot, who panhandled his way from Frisco to Broadway, pretending he was a deaf-mute, who deceived numerous policemen and hundreds of city folk, leaned his decrepit armchair against the ancient wall of the Thirty Precinct Police Station in Jersey City, as he summed up for me the things he had learned about humans.

"It's the best way to panhandle, I think," young George said, meditatively. "A fake deaf-mute will get 'em, where a gink that just depends on a hard luck story gets nothing. Of course, when I get out of this here case, I am going to work. But it was not so bad—being a deaf-mute. You know if Capt. Torpey here had not set that firecracker off under my chair that night he lugged me in, I did probably be on the racket still. But no more—get me? No more!

Why? Why I've been in here now three or four days while they look up my record; my fingerprints and description have been broadcast all over. And I have been thinking. Sorta casting up accounts, income and outgo, and so on—just like it was a business, you know, and look—I was at it thirteen months or so, and as near as I can figure out I made about \$1,100. Only \$1,100—of course, I only worked about four or five hours a day—still, I think I could have made more had I taken a steady job, don't you? Sure, I know you would, bo!"

"How'd I come to take up deaf-muting? Well, I'll tell you," George went on, and the direct, clear blue eyes were impressive with sincerity. "I was born in Wheezing, W. Va., where all the good card sharps come from, by the way, but when I was a little dud, my folks moved to California. I was what you call well brought up—notice how I talk? But anyway a couple of years ago my father and died, and there I was, all alone save for an aunt, who couldn't do much for me.

"Of course, the first thing I thought of was work. I got a job in a tile restaurant, one of a chain, you know, with chairs along the wall, and tables. I was what they call a bus boy, or anyway I tried

for days to be one. But it seems I wasn't cut out for any such job. Couldn't keep the dishes an the tray, and after I'd broken up enough to feed a regiment—well, anyway, a company—the manager fired me. But he wasn't content with that—no laid me out, and I guess I looked pretty bad. Anyway, a couple of fellows sitting near the door stopped me.

"They motioned me to sit down, and though the manager was looking at me, I did. They handed me a lot of sorrowful salve, and then told me they were going to help me out. Well, they were professional deaf-mutes, do you see? And they told me all I had to do was to get some cards—postcards with pictures—and some envelopes with this printing, 'I am deaf and dumb, and working my way through school. Whatever you care to give is the price of these cards.' They told me where to get the cards printed, and all.

"Is it a good business?" I ask. "Is there much in it—that's what I want to know. If there is, O. K." "You've got a thin face, sorta like dummies usually have," one says. "And you look honest as a dollar. You'll make plenty. All you got to do is to watch your step—and your tongue.

"So I got the cards and start out. Of course, they told me a lot more. For instance, in the downtown sections of cities, it was best, they said, to work the big tile restaurants. Few cops but a lot of people was the reason. But better than—and the place to work the racket as a steady thing—was the middle-class residential neighborhoods. You see, in the rich neighborhoods the servants always meet you at the door, and servants are almost never generous.

"But I was telling about flappers being more generous than cake-eaters. I found that to be true right along. Many's the time I saw young working girls come out of the soda shops, where they had lunched, and on giving them an envelope, have them walk quickly past—only to turn around, come back and hurriedly give me a dime, sometimes a quarter. I remember one day in Chi, when a flapper and her beau went by. I managed to slip her an envelope. She looked at me and I heard her whisper to her companion to help me. He glared at me, muttered, 'He is probably a faker,' and refused. She opened her own purse—I saw only a few coins in it—and gave me ten cents. They went away arguing, the girl near tears.

"And about blondes and brunettes? I kind a took a census as I went along—and the blonde beauties always seemed more heartless to me. I noticed, too, that if there was a blonde and a brunette together, it was, nine times out of ten, the darker one who forked over a coin. Then there'd be the usual talk about whether I was really deaf and dumb, with the blonde usually on the losing side for me!

"It wasn't as difficult as you think—this being a deaf-mute. The first two weeks I got trapped two or three times. The 'pros' had warned me that a favorite trick with prospects was for them to call to you suddenly after you had been turned away. You know how, when any one calls you, unless your mind is on not turning around, you'll unconsciously make some little move, or maybe turn full around. I remember once, when I stopped at a door in an apartment house, a particularly crochety old gent opened it. The door flew open so swiftly, I almost talked. The old gent denounced and drove me away. He slammed the door, and I went on downstairs. Then, all of a sudden, and seemingly right behind me, I heard someone say, 'Hey, you, you ain't no more deaf than I am! Look out, I'm going to soak you.' You bet I ran for my life. I looked back when I got to a safe distance—and there was the old gent shaking with laughter!"

"Another time I was going through an apartment. I thumped on a door and a pretty blonde young woman opened it. Gravely I handed an envelope, and went through

my stuff. Another girl, evidently a sister, came up and the two looked at me. 'He is not deaf and dumb,' says one. 'I'll wager he doesn't know the sign language.' 'Do you?' asks the other. 'No, but George does—wait I'll get him,' was the reply. That sign language thing beat me time and again—you see, lots of folks must have thought that I ought to know it, seeing as I said I was working my way through school! But I never thought of that angle of the thing till I got in the jug here.

"How'd I get caught? Well, that was funny. Often cops had stopped me, one place or another, Chil, Pittsburgh, Canton, O-ho-ho, and so on. And always I had succeeded in persuading them I was really dumb and deaf.

"I had got a pretty good start in the big town—New York—too. Came in on an excursion train from Pittsburgh—yep, paid my way, and naturally drifted down to the Bowery, because I'd heard a lot about it. Soon, I found a flop house, and there runs across the same couple of ginks that had first started me in the game—don't know now what their racket was—and they got some more envelopes printed for me, no questions asked.

"So I went out to the Bronx and did pretty well, played a few days' stand in Long Island City—and then over to Jersey City. I was there Christmas Day, by the way, and I sure was disappointed. You'd think people would be more generous at Christmas time. But I didn't find it so. Just think! day before Santa Claus came I worked eight hours, and only made four dollars!

"Then Captain John Torpey taps me on the shoulder, and accuses me of being a sneak thief—seems there had been some bloke about thet town who presented cards like mine, and while the prospect read, snatched her purse. I stood up through all the questions, writing down on my pad all about how I had been deaf and dumb since babyhood, and so on, but I saw the Captain wasn't convinced. So he puts me in an automobile, and on the way to the station house, stops the car and suddenly orders me into the front seat. Did I start as though I heard? He says I did anyway, though I doubt it. 'Well, down in the station house, I had a time! They dropped revolvers behind me, blew police whistles in my ear, and squealed down-the-back of my neck. But I got by pretty well. I wrote on my pad that the whistles and squeals hurt my ears, even if I couldn't hear. And some of the cops begin to look sorry and believing.

"But then this Capt. Torpey—he's a shrewd bird—lit a six-inch cannon cracker under my chair. And say, bo, I jumped and swore pretty—and the jig was up!

Where They Came From.

Madder came from the East.
Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The onion originated in Egypt.
The gourd is an Eastern plant.
The nettle is a native of Europe.
The critter is a native of Greece.
Oats originated in North Africa.
The poppy originated in the East.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The mulberry-tree originated in Persia.
The walnut and peach came from Persia.
The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from the East Indies.
The quince came from Crete.
Horseshoe is from southern Europe.
The radish is a native of China and Japan.
Peas are of Egyptian origin.
—American Primary Teacher.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS.

No sooner had your readers here received your last week's issue when they besieged the writer with such queries as:—Have you quit? What's wrong with your news? Did you send in your budget last week? etc. They all got the same answer. "I sent in my budget as usual but don't know why they were not in." This shows their interest in your paper.

Messrs. Norman Gleadow and Carl Harris, of Hamilton, came down to this city on May 14th, and remained until the following evening of guests of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Forrester. On Sunday Mr. Gleadow took the pulpit at our church and gave a very openly discussed address on the telling force of patience, declaring that our blessed Saviour's great patience throughout His life in this world was the greatest thing to emulate. Miss Beulah Wilson rendered, "Saviour More than Life to Me."

Our Ladies' Aid Society are holding a garden party and strawberry festival at Hanlan's Point, on the Island, on June 25th. Tickets 25 cents, everybody welcome.

We are pleased to say that Miss Frederica Wheeler, who has been a patient at Rusholme Road hospital for the past month, is now home again and convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Thomas, of Oakville, were guests of their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. James DeLong, over the week-end of May 14th, and were smiling as usual at our Sunday service.

Owing to illness, Mr. William Hazlitt was unable to go to Kitchener for the service on May 15th, so Mr. J. R. Byrne filled the gap, while Harry E. Grooms acted as Superintendent at our church in Mr. Byrne's absence.

Mr. Charles McLaren, of Long Branch, was at our service on May 15th, and left next day for his former home in Raglan.

Mr. Walter Bell was up from Oshawa for the week-end of May 14th, to see his family and meet old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones and Mr. John C. Zimmerman, of Palgrave, motored down on Mother's Day, to see their father and old friends. Mr. W. J. Baird, of Beeton, accompanied them on their trip.

An unusual and interesting family of five has come and are domiciled at our parish house. They are the playmates of the little children. Don't worry it is just a family of jet black kittens, and when there is a crowd at church, "Tabby" proudly strolls about, followed by little family.

Mrs. Fanny Boughton left on May 18th, for Cornwall, where she intends spending a couple of months with her married daughter.

While out horseback riding as an exercise on the Lack Shore Boulevard on May 15th, Mr. James Tate, father of our Jimmie Tate, was thrown from his steed and had his shoulder badly injured. He was taken to St. Joseph's hospital and later to his home at 88 Quebec Avenue, where he is now resting comfortably and improving.

Revenge is sweet. Only a couple of weeks ago, Miss Beulah Wilson gave her sister, Mrs. Silas Baskerville, a surprise birthday party, and to get even Mrs. Baskerville retaliated in the very same way on May 17th. This time the affair came off in the Bridgen-Nasmith Hall of our church, and the spacious recreation room, which is very handy for such social affairs, was rollicking with pleasure through that evening, with a happy gesticulating throng of about forty, who kept up the fun until midnight and before retiring all repaired to the basement where a all partook of a sumptuous spread in banquet like style. The day was also the natal day of both Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt.

Miss Norma Smith has gone to Detroit for a visit with relatives.

The Misses Annie and Bella Mathison arrived home from California on May 15th, and we were so glad to see them back again looking so well after their six months sojourn in the West and on the Pacific Coast.

A special meeting, of the Board of Trustees, of our church was held on May 18th, to change any of the by-laws that pertain to our church to correspond with constitutional laws of the United Church of Canada. The word "Evangelical" will be dropped and our church hereafter will be known as the "First Church of the Deaf of the United Church of Canada." Only a few minor other changes were suggested, but stand at present, pending the approval of the church members.

By the will of the late Miss Edith Clarke, sister of Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, who died a few weeks ago, Miss Ruth Byrne comes in for a good share of the estate, but is not to be had until Ruth attains her twenty-first birthday. She is now blooming in her tenth summer.

Little Dwight, the youngest of the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Ford is in the Sick Children's Hospital undergoing treatment for tonsils.

The annual pic-nic of the Bridgen Club may be held on June 18th, but the place and other information will be announced later.

LONG BRANCH LOCALS

The age-old stork fluttered around here on April 19th, and left at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George I. Timpon a cooing little baby boy, who will respond to the call of Charles Edwin Timpon in the years to come. The proud parents now have three sons. Congratulations.

One day recently, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Timpon and children and Roy Baker, motored out to Raglan and spent the day with relatives and old friends. Mrs. McLaren remained out there for a short visit. While there the whole bunch called on Mr. and Mrs. James J. Ormiston and Geo. S. McLaren, and had a nice time.

Years ago, when Mrs. Geo. J. Timpon, then Miss Marie McLaren, was at business college, she had a chum by the name of Miss Wiltshire. Now she and her parents have moved out to this growing burg and are now living near the Timpons.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLean were in Toronto recently, visiting their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason. Mrs. Charles McLean was in Toronto on May 15th, and next day left for Raglan on business.

OWEN SOUND OPTIONS.

We regret to report the death recently of Mrs. Harry Goetz's beloved mother. She was buried in this city. Mrs. Goetz was formerly Miss Bertha Johnson. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Smith, late of Kitchener, have settled down in their new and comfortable home here. Percy finds plenty of work and pleasure at the Owen Sound Stove works.

Mrs. Hugh Carson has returned home after several weeks' sojourn at her former home in Ayer, feeling much refreshed from her recent illness. While she was absent, Mr. Carson's mother kept house for him.

Death came with startling suddenness to the beloved father of Miss Jessie Dewar the other day. The deceased went to Toronto to consult a specialist and while being examined, toppled over and breathed his last. His remains were brought here for burial. Heart failure was the cause of his death. To the bereaved widow and family, we extend deepest sympathy.

Mr. T. Herbert Brown, with his sister, Miss Ladella Brown, and her friend, Mr. Archie McKaig, of Markdale, motored up to this city the other day on a shopping and visiting errand. We were so glad to find Herbert looking so well and says he likes the farm.

Mr. Robert McMaster, of Warton, was in to see his many friends here recently, who extended to him the fraternal hand. He said he and wife would be around again ere long.

Why does not Toronto send up a speaker from their church and conduct

a Sunday meeting here. There are plenty of the deaf around here to form a good gathering.

LONDON LEAVES.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr. wish to thank their numerous friends for their expressions of sympathy anent the death of the former's father.

Messrs. Eddie Fishbein and George Moore motored down to Hamilton on May 7th, to look up old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher motored down to Woodstock on May 14th, and after calling on friends, returned in the evening with Mr. Charles Ryan to attend the meeting of our Athletic Association.

In the death of the beloved father of Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., the deaf have lost a well-known and good friend, who was always attentive to them whenever they called to see Willie. He passed away on May 3d, at his home, 217 Hamilton Road. The deceased had lived in London well on three quarters of a century. At the age of two years he came from Devonshire, England, where he was born, and coming to London, Ont., he made that city his home ever since. He was a member of All Saints' Church; of the Canadian Order of Forresters, and St. George Society.

Surviving Mr. Gould are his widow, formerly Miss Dolenia Murray, whom he married fifty-five years ago; five sons, Melvin and George, of Detroit; and William, Percy and Cleveland, all of this city, and two daughters, Mrs. Mark Fawria, of Windsor, and Mrs. F. Walton, of London. Mr. Gould also leaves one brother, Josiah, and five sisters, Mr. Stevenson, of Detroit; Mr. Handford, living in Manitoba, and Mrs. Thomas Branton, Mrs. J. R. Porter and Miss Alice Gould, all of London.

The sympathy of all goes out to the bereaved ones.

Merton McMurray, of Thamesford, motored up to attend the meeting on May 14th, returning home the same evening.

The late William H. Gould, Sr., left cash and property to the value of over thirty-seven thousand dollars to his heirs.

On his way home to Woodstock Sunday evening, May 15th, Mr. Charles A. Ryan had Frank E. Harris, of Toronto, on the same train. Frank was on his way home from the Sarnia meeting that day.

While walking along the street, S. Simpson was seized with fits and in falling on the pavement, severely cut his forehead and at time of writing was still in Victoria Hospital.

"Our Athletic Association held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A., on May 14th, with President George Munro, of St. Thomas, in the chair. The same rules as governed our pic-nic at Springbank Park last year, will govern again. President Munro and Secretary John F. Fisher asked to be relieved of their respective offices, and after much reluctance their requests were granted. Charles A. Ryan, of Woodstock, is the new Chairman and A. H. Cowan, the new Secretary (Pro-tem). Our annual pic-nic will be held at Springbank Park as usual next Labor Day.

The London Free Press of May 9th, had this write up:—

Members of London's Deaf Association marked Mothers' Day in their Y. M. C. A. clubrooms on Sunday afternoon in a service of striking impressiveness, under the leadership of John F. Fisher, 206 Edward Street, whose mastery of the manual language and personal magnetism was evident throughout the hour's devotional exercise though no spoken word broke the clubroom's stillness.

London's Deaf Association is a body organized for religious and social intercourse. Its membership roster carries the names of citizens who hold substantial places in the community, who ignore their physical handicaps and ask no more of the world than to meet it on friendly, but equal terms.

Illustrating this was Mr. Fisher's statement to a welfare fund worker on Sunday that the association of which he is the leader, is behind the movement in every practical way to which is added their earnest moral support. He was emphatic in pointing out that the society stands as a unit behind the work of the Y. M. C. A., to which institution they contribute as individuals, as well as a group.

ST. WILLIAMS SLANTS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woodward, of Rosetown, Sask., came down to attend the funeral of the former's father, who died on April 30th. They have since returned to the West.

Mr. James Chambers, of Silver Hill, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Woodward the other Sunday.

The Angel of Death visited the parental home of Mr. Vernon Woodward on April 30th, and snatched from the home Vernon's beloved father after less than a week's illness with the flu, followed by pleuro-pneumonia. The deceased was in his 76th year, and very well known.

James Chambers is still employed by the Government on the forestry reservation near here, and is drawing fat pay. Jim is still a merry old bachelor.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

We understand that Miss Margaret Kennedy, of Brantford, is now in the House of Refuge, suffering from a sore leg.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones were recently in Bolton and called to see Miss Madeline Elliott before returning to Palgrave.

Our congratulations go out to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Harris, of Hamilton, on the birth recently of a son. Now they have two boys. Mrs. Harris was formerly Miss Grace Jefferson, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis George Jefferson.

Mr. John Taylor, of Singhampton, finding that he had not much work to do in his shop, applied to the Highway Commission for a job in road building on the Singhampton-Eugenia Falls Government highway and got on. He likes the change from the dingy shop to the open-sunny atmosphere. He may keep his job all season.

Miss Madeline Elliott, of Bolton, visit to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones and had a good time, while her father and sister went up to Tottenham to attend the funeral of a friend.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Peasants Terrified by the First Gas Balloon.

The Mongolfier-Brothers, Etienne and Joseph, French paper manufacturers, made the first balloon of which there is any authentic account. This was in 1783.

The story goes, sitting in their home one night, they grew interested in the smoke ascending so steadily from the open fire up through the chimney. They got a small paper bag and filled it with smoke and of course, heat, over a brazier and, on being released, it rose to the ceiling of the room, says the *Detroit News*.

In their succeeding days their experiments led them to the open air. Gradually they increased the size of their balloons until they made one of paper and linen of 23,000 cubic feet capacity, which rose to a height of 1,000 feet and traveled more than a mile. Their first public exhibition was on June 5th, 1783, when they sent a huge bag up. As the people gathered round to watch the filling of the balloon by placing its mouth over an outdoor furnace they declared their disbelief that it would rise in the air when released, even when it took eight men to hold it in its final stages of filling. This balloon without passengers rose to an estimated height of 6,000 feet and traveled a mile and a half.

August 27th, 1783, the first hydrogen gas balloon was sent up by a follower of the Mongolfiers by the name of Charles. It rose to a height of 3,000 feet and descended about an hour later in a field fifteen miles distant. There still remained enough gas in it to cause some undulations of its fabric after it came down. The peasants were panic stricken, but one braver than the rest seized a gun and fired at the strange monster. Then the crowd rushed in with flails and pitchforks. The stench from the gas drove the men back, but they moved forward again and attaching the balloon to a horse's tail dragged it over the fields until it was torn to ribbons.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST SERVICES.

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary, Seattle—First and third Sunday at St. Mark's, 3 P.M. Vancouver and Portland—June 12th.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1927

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1613 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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SELF-ANALYSIS TEST OFFERED TO MOTORISTS

DRIVER ADVISED TO EXAMINE HIMSELF WITH FOLLOWING SERIES OF QUESTIONS TO DETERMINE HIS EFFICIENCY

By H. Clifford Brokaw

Perhaps motor accidents would be considerably reduced if car owners would consult a good psychoanalyst before taking their machines out on public highways. They may have complexes which need attention. Once these are removed, or at least treated, their driving efficiency might be greatly improved. At least they can give themselves a sort of self-analysis to check up on some of their tendencies.

This suggests that one reason why there are so many automobile accidents may be because motorists have not subjected themselves to a study of their own capacities as drivers. It would not take much time or trouble for his automobiles owner to check up on his present situation as a driver of a car. Having found out his present status he might try out for a higher ideal.

By way of self-analysis let each motorist answer honestly for himself the following questions: Have I at any time in the past been guilty of driving a car at an excessive rate of speed?

Have I ever driven on the wrong side of the street?

Have I driven recklessly in passing children?

Or taken chances in passing another vehicle?

Failed to stop when passengers were getting off street cars?

Foiled with other occupants of the car while driving?

Failed to observe recognized automobile signals?

Failed to sound the horn, as is customary?

Started from the curb into heavy traffic without precaution?

Passed a street car on the left?

Driven through a safety zone?

Disregarded the traffic rules?

Failed to co-operate with the traffic officers?

Failed to go slowly by a school building?

Turned corners improperly?

Been reckless at a railroad crossing?

Driven a car with illegal lights?

Driven incautiously past blind corners?

Failed to look out for jay-walkers?

Parked my car in evening without lights on?

Left my car on an incline without brakes properly set?

Driven with a faulty steering gear?

Ridden without chains or non-skid tires over wet pavement?

Followed another car too closely for safety?

Entered a garage at high speed?

Driven a car I did not know how to manage safely?

Driven in a don't-give-a-rap-about-the-other-fellow attitude?

Allowed a child to catch on for a ride?

Failed to watch out for obstructions in the highway?

Neglected to exercise proper caution on curves?

Driven a car not equipped with mirror for looking back?

Driven and flirted with girls on sidewalks at same time?

Failed to give pedestrians a fair chance?

Tried to outguess the other fellow?

Slowed down at grade crossings?

Hogged more than my share of the road?

Observed the golden rule in motoring?

Here are numerous ways by which a motorist can check up on his ideals as an auto owner and

operator. Those who can get a good percentage on such a test are not very likely to be the cause of a motor accident. Such a driver can be assured that he is above the average in his automotive practices.

The person who goes through such a self-analysis process and surveys his mental resources should do it with the idea of making out and adopting a workable motoring program which will be likely to improve his automotive habits.

The motorist who checks himself up on his driving practices can always find ways whereby he can improve his methods of motoring in the future. Such a checking up can hardly fail to do some good even to the driver who thinks he is thoroughly experienced and careful. —N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

THE following note was received from Mrs. Bess Michaels Riggs, Superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock.

Due to his physician's orders, Mr. John E. Purdum, our instructor in printing, was not able to get out the May issue of the *Arkansas Optic*. After a successful operation, Mr. Purdum is getting back in trim, but for several months thinks it best to discontinue his duties as I. p. f. manager.

Sorry Bro. Purdum is laid hors du combat, and hope time will restore him to health and strength.

SEND AN AMERICAN TEAM TO THE DEAF OLYMPIAD.

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, May 19th. (Associated Press).—"Silent Sports" are to form part of next year's Olympiad here.

Special contests have been arranged between deaf-and-dumb athletes of various countries. Five hundred deaf-mutes of ten European countries have already entered. Events will include track and field sports, swimming, cycling, football, tennis, marksmanship and pentathlon events. Deaf-and-dumb women will compete in swimming and tennis.

German deaf-mute "turners" will give special gymnastic displays, and Premier Mussolini has granted a state subsidy to the Italian organization of "silent sportsmen." —Chicago News.

THE HEARING Americans have always "cleaned up" in the world's championship Olympic track and field sports—held every four years. "We deaf Americans are as good in every way as the hearing," we say; and we are going to let those deaf Europeans claim the world's championship without lifting a finger?

Now is our chance to gain great glory for our country—and thousands of dollars worth of free publicity in the newspapers here and abroad.

In Byouk, of Gallaudet College, and Harmsen, of North Dakota, we have a two-man track team that can win more than half of the entire track and field program at Amsterdam's "Deaf Olympics."

It should cost less than \$1000 per man.

Where is the money to come from? Easy.

There are 6000 members in the N. F. S. D.—sworn to uphold the good-name and fame of Deafdom. If the delegates at Denver will pledge their divisions to assess each man twenty-five-cents—the cost of a single cigar, who will miss it?—that is \$1500 already secured. The N. A. D. ought to appropriate at least \$250 also. Individual donations from PUBLIC-SPRITED, WIDE-AWAKE silents should account for at least \$500 additional. I'll pledge \$5 myself—and they call me the champion tightwad of Chicago.

It is easy. AND MOST CERTAINLY WORTH-WHILE?

We may even raise enough to send a third man—but he will have to be a real crackerjack. Possibly Roller, of Akron, the star diver and swimmer, who rescued several of the girls when two were drowned during the 1923 N. A. D. convention. Some one who will be a sure winner. Who will handle the money, and arrange the details, and have the final say in the selection of the team?

Permit me to suggest "Ted" Hughes, athletic coach of Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C. Those who attended the last N. A. D. convention know what "Ted" can do when he gets going.

If you are awake to the glory this will bring us deaf as a class, write your views to Editor Hodgson.

And remember "money talks." Why not talk at least \$5 worth in pledges?

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

CHICAGO, May 25, 1927.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo. Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader. Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

Feathered Jewels on the Wing

Humming birds are Mother Nature's flying jewels, emeralds, and rubies and sapphires on the wing, and nothing daintier in all the world of birds can be imagined. While there are hundreds of different kinds of these pretty, feathered creatures, yet in some way they all resemble one another in form and habits.

Their nests vary decidedly in style of architecture, some being tiny shallow cup-shaped affairs, and others long and deep, but in all the nests the little builders use spider's silk very extensively, taking the silk from cocoons, as may be most convenient. This they use for lining the nests, and also for binding it fast to twig or leaf, and in some cases they carefully wrap the separate pieces of the framework of the nest with the silk.

If you have ever watched a humming bird at work, you have noticed that they are seldom at rest, deftly building their nests literally on the wing, weaving, tying doing all their intricate work while their wings vibrate so fast that they are simply a blur before your eyes. The writer was much interested in examining a nest not long ago of a hummer that had been watched for weeks by friends—human friends that guarded nest and birds and eggs from harm day after day.

When the two eggs—tiny white pearls no bigger than big peas, were hatched, when the cunning baby birds were safely launched into this world of danger, when all had departed for a warmer clime, the nest was cut down and brought in the house. It was a soft grey on the outside, carefully constructed of lichens and twigs, and lined with down and spider silk within, the shallowest, tiniest, frailest looking little bird house that could be built—and yet strong and firm, too, and serving its purpose well. This one was placed in a tree in a forked branch, but not all humming birds' nests are so built.

Some species of this lovely little bird delight in building among the low ferns, others select bushes, and still others the high trees. The nest building materials differ, too, according to the vegetation. Twigs, lichens, rootlets, vine tendrils, threads, cotton, wool, mosses—all are used, but always you will find the silk of the spider employed to advantage in constructing, and in the lining of the bird home.

Humming birds are always glad to find the soft down of plants, and they are very expert in using anything soft and pliable that comes their way. The mango humming bird of the island of Jamaica makes a lovely nest almost entirely of the silky down of the giant cotton tree, binding it together with spider's silk, and using lichens on the outside so that the nest blends in with the bark of the tree.

The humming birds with which you are familiar, are no doubt of the short-tailed variety, but there are humming birds that flaunt long streamer tails, giving them the impression of being fiery meteors as they dart hither and yon in their busy work. Some of the hummers have a dainty crest, like the plover-crested one for instance. The humming sound they all make when in flight is caused by the extremely rapid vibration of their wings.

The names given to the various species speak for themselves and tell much of the birds' beauty or habits. There is the mango humming bird, already mentioned, the blue-chinned sapphire, the fiery topaz, the red-breasted hermit, the long-tailed humming bird (also just mentioned), the fawn-breasted, the ruby-throated, the black-chinned, the broad-tailed, and others. All these names, you see, giving you some hint of the birds' form and beauty. It seems almost impossible for any writer to speak of the humming birds without mentioning some gem of loveliness, and in fact, these birds are just that—gems of loveliness.

Mother Nature has provided each variety of humming bird with a proper bill for its surroundings. The study of the bills alone would keep you very busy for many weeks, for they seem to be as varied as the birds themselves. Humming birds seek the flowers as you all know, for the honey in the blossoms but they also hover over the flowers to procure the insects that come there to sip the nectar of gods. Where anything sweet is hidden the insects are sure to come for food, and hence come the humming birds to feast on both insects and honey. Honey-bearing flowers differ in shape and Mother Nature has provided for this problem by giving her birds the proper bill for securing the honey they like best.

Some of the bills are short and straight, others long and you will always find the proper bill among the proper flower. In the tropics, where Mother Nature produces strange flowers of strange shapes she has had to provide her flying jewels with bills just as strange. Some are straight with upward curve the end like a scythe with a downward trend, some are very, very long and upward, but all are perfectly fashioned for procuring the bird's favorite food.

Tiny as the birds are, they are

brave in defence of their nest and babies, and will even fight big enemies to the bitter end. All birds, even these shy little hummers, respond to human kindness, and if you are near birds and do not coax them about, you are missing much that Mother Nature meant you to have of this world's happiness. The writer lived recently in Arizona, on the beautiful desert that is anything but a desert to its admirers. Here we saw only a few humming birds, but others by the dozen came several times a day to our cottage for food and drink. At breakfast time and at supper time our guests were many, often fifty or sixty at once, fearless and thankful—and most welcome. The desert sparrows came in flocks, pretty songsters with striped heads they are, but we have many woodpeckers, mocking birds, bluebird occasionally, and once in the while cardinals. Two years ago my birds were as tame as the gophers that played about my reclining chair, and every bit as curious and interested as the black-eyed gophers were of all going on. Last year I had a different cottage, not far from the first one, but it took the birds only a short time to find their old friends. Some I knew from their tameness must be friends of last year, others were certainly newcomers, but in some strange way the word went forth through all feather-land, and each day brought us new friends to enjoy, new songs to waken us to the incomparable beauty of a desert morning.—Selected.

What Can the Deaf Do?

They can play football and basketball equal to hearing people, as well as baseball and can indulge in other athletic sports than running, swimming and wrestling. And besides these they can go out into the world and make a living—and a life—as well as hearing people. They can preach, they can nurse the sick, they can sell goods and manage business, they can practice law, they can teach school, they can do office work, they can resolve materials into chemical elements; they can paint pictures and mold and chisel beautiful forms, they can write poetry, design beautiful building, construct public and private works, lay out and beautify grounds; they can take their places alongside the hearing mechanic with saw and hammer, trowel and hod, pick and shovel; they can set type, operate the linotype, feed presses and bind books; they can operate a loom, a drill-press or a lathe; they can sew and cook and bake, wash and iron, and keep a house in order; they can sow seed, cultivate the ground and reap the harvest, breed live stock and operate a dairy, raise fruits and flowers and vegetables; they work in factories with as much safety as hearing people and drive automobiles as safely and carefully as anybody; they can repair shoes, automobiles, furniture, watches, sewing machines; they can design and cut jewels, engrave plates, take pictures, make photo engravings; they can build houses, paint them, and paper the walls; they can manage a fraternal order whose insurance is as safe and sound as any old line company; they meet in local social gatherings, in state associations and national conventions; they deal in real estate and promote enterprises; they act in motion pictures.

They are law-abiding people with the occasional black sheep, as is the case with the hearing, and now and then a downright mean one; they are self-respecting, independent and industrious, with an occasional panhandler; and no one is more severe in judgment of these black sheep than the deaf themselves.

In fact the moral, intellectual, social and industrial conduct of the deaf is equal to the average of those who hear. One is constrained to say they measure above the average in morals and industry, but to claim no more than the average is sufficient and is fully within the verities. And the fine thing about it all is that they do all these things with so little ostentation, so much as a matter of course that the general public does not know it—a thing that is itself a proof that all the deaf want is a fair field and no favors.—Travis in *Silent Hoosier*.

The Value of a Smile.

A long face never earned a penny, and grouch never helped a human being. You can afford to smile even if you do not feel like it. A smile does not cost you anything, yet it has a business value. The chap who ducks up smiling when everybody's pulling long faces is the chap you want to do business with. The grouch only begets grouch. Look out you are not infected by the grouch. His poison is more dangerous than Bolshevism, mosquitoes and fake "hooch" combined. Smile when you mean it, and smile when you don't, and keep right on with a cheerful mug. It is good business. It helps your digestion. And it makes you welcome everywhere.

Gratitude, of all elements, seems to be in greatest demand, yet there is the smallest supply.

CAPITAL CITY

The Capitalites were interested in the play carried off by those in Baltimore interested in the Edward Miner Gallaudet Fund, on May 13th. Mr. and Mrs. Wood and child accompanied by a bevy of young ladies from Gallaudet College, made a trip to the Monumental City to help along in this play. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smoak, with two young ladies also from Gallaudet, made the trip. All attending the play report a fine time, and they thought that a goodly profit was realized.

The Silent Athletic Club seems to mean business these days. They have been practicing regularly, and every Sunday—weather permitting—they have been having practice games with hearing teams. They—the Silents—are in the midst of a drive to raise enough money to buy themselves uniforms and other necessary equipment. Good luck to them—Washington has waited a long time for such an organization and the club will get the full support of the Washington deaf.

Among those now in possession of automobiles in D. C., are Mr. Robert Boswell, who recently purchased a new Nash advanced Six Sedan; and William Cissel, who bought for himself also a sedan—Oakland. Both seem to be well pleased with their respective buys.

The Literary Society held its annual Social one month ahead of time, the usual time for it being the third Wednesday in June. The change, this year was an experiment and seems like it may become permanent. The whole program was under the charge of Miss Jennie Jones. The opening of the social was made when four of Washington's beauties led by Miss Audie Rogers, signed a welcome to the audience. Those assisting in the welcome—these beauties—Mrs. Byrne, Miss Evelyn Sharp and Miss Cora Phillips, were all dressed up in their Sunday best and to add to their attractiveness, each wore a headpiece made of green and yellow crepe paper.

Miss Audie Rogers turned over the program to Miss Jennie Jones. She related the history of the society for this past year. The audience was given a shock, when Miss Ruth Leitch unceremoniously interrupted the speaker challenged her to an argument before the audience, which Miss Leitch accepted with joy. It turned out that they had prearranged this for the amusement of the audience and their work was not without its reward, for everyone signified their pleasure in the novelty of the talk. Then Miss Leitch recited Dixie, dressed up like a Southern belle of the old days.

Following rendition of Dixie was a game of silhouette. On the wall was a series of cardboard cut, each containing the profile of each speaker this past year and the names (3) of those whose profile was not obtainable. The object of the game was to name each of the owners of the profiles and their subjects. The result was a close race, with Mr. Thomas Wood winning by a few points. Next Miss Estelle Caldwell, the queen of the fashion show held recently at Gallaudet College, gave the audience a glimpse of the old-time minnets. She was dressed in the style of something like 1897 or so. The next treat was an exhibition of the Highland fling by Mrs. William Cooper.

The next thing on program was a request that each person write a page on "What the Literary Society has done for me." Quite a number of good ones were turned in, but the prize was given to Mr. William. His essay ran thus: "The Literary Society has helped me 'keep smiling,' my mind refreshed, my friendship renewed and this is the only place, where I can meet the young ladies in a social way.

Enuf sed for all what I have said is true, so hope others will also "keep smiling."

After this contest, Mrs. Coleman beautifully and forcefully rendered Marseilles. Following, a popularity contest was staged at which Miss Jennie Jones and Rev. Mr. A. D. Bryant were proclaimed the winners.

The meeting came to an end with the serving of ice cream and cake by a battery of ushers composed of the Misses Rogers, Sharp, Moore, Phillips and prospects point to a good return upon the evening's venture.

On Saturday evening, there was a birthday party given Miss Agnes Moore by her parents at their home on Adams Street, N. W.

A number of relatives and deaf friends were invited. Amongst the deaf were Misses Nora Nanney, Francis Miller, Cora Phillips, Jennie Jones, Mildred Miller, Annie Ball and Miss Richwalski from Baltimore, the Messrs. Cissel, Kleinienst, Robert Wilson, L. Tolouse, Rosenfeld, Werdig, Hauser and Kessler, Demarco and Felder from Baltimore. Games were played until all were called to assemble around a beautifully decorated table laden down with goodie goodies. Of course, there was a birthday cake but the number of candles on it is a secret! The company did full justice to the spread and were in a jovial mood afterwards. Dancing followed and a game, then the gifts were opened one by one and an array of gifts there were. The company wished Agnes many happy birthdays and then parted for their scattered homes.

The next social on the social regis-

ter, so it might be called, will be an outing instead. The weather permitting, the Calvary Baptist Church will have a small "outing" on Hotchkiss field, June 11th, from noon to sunset. Various games are to be played and refreshments to be had. Every one young and old invited to attend.

Plans for an outing to Rock Creek Park on Memorial Day is under way by a set of youngsters. Results will be announced in a later issue.

JEN AND BOB.

SEATTLE.

The Gallaudet Guild party was held Sunday afternoon and evening, following the services at St. Mark's. This time refreshments were served at half-past six instead of at half-past ten, so that they made a tea or supper. If popular vote approves, this arrangement may be continued. Doris Nation was on the entertainment committee with Dr. Hanson, and had prepared a game in which participants were bidden to find a part of a flower, a shining heavenly body, a daily beverage, and other surprising things in the word Chrysanthemum. There were two or three other new games. Twenty-five were present at the party. Otto John wrote that the Snoqualmie Mill shut down for ten days. He took the opportunity to go down to Green River, Wyoming, sending us cards from his various stops. The lode-star which led Otto's steps to Wyoming is named Miss Mamie Delaney, and we hereby announce the engagement of the young couple. Otto expects to remain away for a while, but we hope not for long, and that we may then expect to meet the young lady. Bring her to the state convention at Vancouver, Otto, and let her be our convention bride.

The Palmer brothers, Lynn and Lamir, who also work at Snoqualmie, are taking advantage of the shut down to motor all over the state, going as far east as Spokane. We expect to see them both at Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, who formerly lived in Rainier Valley, are now Ballard residents. Mrs. Cookson's father, Mr. T. W. Hurd, just having opened a drug-store there. It is the finest store of its class in Ballard. So his family, as well as his daughter and her husband, are now living there.

Mrs. Emily Eaton found her last visit to Tacoma full of the greatest enjoyment. To begin with, there was a big double birthday dinner for two of her nephews, sons of the sister she was visiting. One is a well-known Puget Sound dairyman and ice-cream manufacturer and the other is on the staff of the Aberdeen Daily. Then just as dinner was announced there arrived unexpectedly Mrs. W. G. Cassels, who had just come the day before from Washington, D. C. She is another and the favorite sister of Mrs. Eaton. But the most interesting part of her week-end to Mrs. Eaton was a visit to Camp Lewis to her nephew, Captain Laren A. Wetherby and his wife. Captain Wetherby showed his aunt the wonderful things he had brought from Panama, that gateway of the world. One was a brass table made in China with a top like a large tray, square in shape and beautifully hand carved and set on folding legs. An ancient jar which Captain Wetherby obtained in Chile was also very interesting, being made of brown clay, with handles and the heads of strange-looking animals. It was found in an Indian grave, and is said to be eight hundred years old. Little Kathleen Genevieve Wetherby, six years old, learned to spell several letters into the hand of her great aunt, thereby giving her great pleasure. She is learning very rapidly at the Camp Kindergarten, which has also a dancing class. Kathleen, though the youngest, is one of the best dancers there.

Ed. Martin is now back with his old boss press feeder, and his wife and little son have rejoined him from Yakima. Everybody is glad to have Lina back again.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Anderson are the parents of a son, born recently. They are now living in Portland, where Mr. Anderson has obtained work.

We are very glad to see again the genial smile of John Hood, who is in town to stay. He has work with his old company making boxes. John is one of the leaders of the younger set, and is always ready and willing to help a pleasant outing or gathering. So things always pick up when he is around.

Mrs. Bert Haire has a small white pig less than two months old, and is fattening it for the Thanksgiving dinner for her family next fall. She may, however, change her mind and keep it for a pet, for she says it is a beauty.

We hear on reliable authority that we may hope to see Jack Seipp back west before long. He has been making fine wages in Chicago as a linotype operator, but is planning to go down to Texas, where he has numerous relatives. After visiting there he will return to the paternal farm at Yakima, whither duty or inclination calls him. His scores of friends in Washington will extend him the glad hand of welcome and will do all they can to keep him from going away again.

Robert Bronson is planning to spend the last week-end of the month with his parents at Yakima. Robert does not forget them, and makes periodic visits home.

Mr. L. O. Christenson was displaying the other day an invitation to attend the Commencement exercises of the University of California. It was sent by his niece, Miss Elma Newton, who is graduating with her class. She is the only niece that L. O. C. has, and he is very proud of her. She is expecting to teach, and may go to Oregon to do so.

Captain Wetherby is expecting to leave Camp Lewis for Benning, Ga., where he is to enter a military school for army officers. He will ship his household furniture by freight, and himself drive down in his Nash sedan.

Mrs. W. G. Cassels is now back at her home in Medina, across Lake Washington. She has enjoyed much to live for six months in the National Capital, and has seen a good deal of President and Mrs. Coolidge. She has seen Mrs. Coolidge's famous pet raccoon several times. She is glad to be back home to look after her garden and fruit. Dr. Cassels is still detained in Washington.

Miss Sullivan, the sister of Mrs. Wildfang, still lies helpless since a stroke of paralysis a year ago rendered her unable to stand or walk. She is always delighted to have any of her sister's deaf friends call.

Miss Dorothy Bodley is happily looking forward to making a visit this summer to Duluth, Minnesota, where she has relatives. Dorothy will go with her aunt, Mrs. Milhoan, who was recently bereaved of her husband. Mrs. Milhoan is the aunt who took such loving care of Dorothy for several years after the death of her mother. Dorothy is quite excited about taking this first long trip, and hopes that after Duluth she can go to New York for a visit, but it is not sure she can make it this summer.

Alice Hanson will attend the convention of the Beta Phi Alpha Sorority, to be held in Milwaukee in the latter part of June. Alice is grand vice-president of the Order. After the convention she will visit her father's relatives at Wilmar and Minneapolis, Minnesota.

When Dr. Hanson went to Tacoma, May 8th, to hold services in the afternoon at Christ Church, he and Mrs. Hanson were met at the dock by Mr. Mrs. John Burgett and were their guests to luncheon at the Carlyle Cafeteria.

Mr. Boyle, brother-in-law of Miss Sophia Mullin, has purchased a home on 11th Avenue Northeast, between E. 50th and E. 52d Streets. The house is fully furnished, and the little family will move in on June 1st. We are glad that they will be such near neighbors, being only five blocks away. We think that Mr. and Mrs. Boyle are showing good judgment in locating their home in the beautiful and rapidly growing University District.

THE HANSONS.

Quarrel Reveals Ancient Crime

Twenty-two years ago a sawmill belonging to Herren Karl Lehmann and Leo Haase in Jutereborg, Grmany, was burnt down and the partners obtained \$4,600 compensation from insurance companies.

Haase retired quite well off in 1917, but by 1923 he had lost his whole fortune through the depreciation of the German mark, says the *Westminster Gazette*. Then the former partners quarreled, and the result was that Lehmann was arrested and tried for perjury.

Recently he was condemned by the Potsdam Court to eighteen months hard labor and five years loss of civil rights, for having sworn after the first twenty-two years ago, that he knew nothing of its cause.

It was alleged that Haase and Lehmann together set fire to the sawmill to get the insurance money. Lehmann has been a prominent member of the Municipal Council at Jutereborg for twenty years.

Nobody ever seems to grumble about the price of luxuries.

The advice of the person who tells us what we want to hear always makes the strongest appeal.

BONDS

The following corporations are outstandingly the greatest in varied industries in point of rendering public service or manufacturing essential staples. They have shown consistent and remarkable growth in expansion.

Information gladly furnished on their records of earnings.

Pacific Mills	3 1/2% due 1931	95
Chile Copper Co.	5% due 1966	96 3/4
Solvay-American Inv. Corp.	5% due 1942	99 3/4
General Motors Acceptance Corp.	6% due 1937	100
Associated Gas & Electric Co.	5 1/2% due 1977	95 3/4
Missouri Pacific Railroad Co	5% due 1977	100

(PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGES)

Bonds in \$500 and \$1000 denominations.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

CHICAGO.

Oh, Ann McGann
Is a Vaudeville fan.
So she wore a smile on her pretty pan
Whenever she'd act. But she showed no ve-
nom.
When she tried to act as the deviled "Demon."

What an ungrateful world this is?
Good deeds are born to bluish unseen,
and waste their sweetness in the
desert air. Forgotten. Ayé, ayé,
brother. Those lovely ladies who
were pestering me to press-puff their
annual Bazaar for the Illinois Home
for Aged Deaf—which turned out
the most successful in history—those
lovely ladies didn't even remember
to thank me!

So I am off the women! Forever
and ever! (Until next time, of
course.)

The Sac was in its glory. Never
such an excellent display of goods
adorned our booths. Thanks main-
ly to Mrs. Morton Henry. Every
Thursday afternoon since fall she
has presided over the sewing bees at
the Home, herself taking many
pieces home to finish. Mesdames
Frank and Zollinger also did much
home-work for the Bazaar. Next to
Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Linda Brimble
led the ladies in being at the Home
regularly every Thursday. So the
varied and attractive display was a
credit to their untiring zeal.

Mrs. Ben Frank was Grand Chair-
man of the Bazaar, with the follow-
ing sub-chairmen to assist her: Fanny
Booth, Mrs. Morton Henry; Candy
Booth, Mesdames Arthur Roberts
and Mark Knight; Remembrance
Booth, Mrs. J. Frederick Meagher;
Cafeteria, Mrs. M. Schuettler and
Mrs. Peterson; "500", Mrs. George
Sprague; Vaudeville, Mrs. William
McGann.

Says Mrs. Meagher (yes; I have
kicked my wife off the job as co-
conductor of this column, because
she blue-penciled too much of the
vitriol and vinegar I wrote—but as
hard-hearted Hodgson generally
"forgets" to print most of the stuff
Frieda objects to, there isn't much to
be gained by kicking her off, so I
may restore her amateur standing in
due time, when she has been properly
chastened.) Says Mrs. Meagher:

"Nobody deserves as much credit
as the Matron and Superintendent
of our Home, Mrs. Gus Hyman.
We impose on her too much. She
was the man behind the gun. It
was she who had to order victuals
for the cafeteria; and she had to
help serve meals, as it is hard to get
helpers. The girls have become
expert dodgers. They can dodge
a disagreeable job like a cat dodges
water. It was she who saw to it
that we had music and dances be-
tween the acts. It was she who
made the fairies costume. She
who helped plan the circulars. She
had a hand in every little thing.
She phoned for everybody who asked
her. It was impossible to get
anybody to sweat over that hot
stove, so she had to persuade the
housekeeper of the Home, Mrs.
Peterson, to prepare three huge
meals for the ravenous horde. Just
because she is our matron, some of
us conceive the naive idea she is a
combination slavey-janitor roust-
about. Wrong, all wrong. She was
hired to look after the Home, not to
provide the funds for its up-keep.
She deserves just as much credit
for the success of the Bazaar as do
Mrs. Frank and Mrs. McGann.
And just because you are a conceit-
ed, pig-headed Irishman, I bet you
won't give her any credit," says
Frieda. And just to show that
I am not pig-headed, drat her, I'll do it.

Didja ever hear of a wallowing,
wall-eyed wallaby answering to the
name of John Henry Mueller? A
whimsical man-mountain with the
mental equipment of a college pro-
fessor, and the nerve of a book-
agent? The bimbo whose writings
sometimes appear in the public
prints—when the printer's devil fol-
ishly forgets to let his copy blow out
of the window. Genius, homo;
habitat, Louisville; disposition de-
pends on whether you want to
crack jokes with him, or want to bor-
row his money. Well, that wallowing
wallaby comes to bat with the fol-
lowing epistle, accompanied by a check
for two simoleons (\$2.00)—and, won-
der of wonders, the check was prompt-
ly cashed by a critical cashier, hence
it must be good!

Writes Johnnie: "Dear Jimmie:—
I gather from a remark made by Bob-
bie Kannappell that your better half
is giving some sort of a show for the
benefit of the antiquated and decrepit
deaf of your adopted State. May I
not, as one interested in all things
affecting the welfare of the deaf, send
in a little check? Not much, but it
will feed one inmate at least one day.
Kentucky is just starting a home of
our own, and we are going to make
even Ohio take a back seat when we
are done with it. If you meet any
former Kentuckians, tell 'em about the
Kentucky home—and assure them that
they need not be bashful about send-
ing in their tithes; every little bit is
welcome, and needed. Fraternally, J.
H. Mueller."

Mrs. Meagher is a crook. She took
that check from Mueller, and docked
ten cents for endorsing it. She
then persuaded the Henrys, Woodruffs,
Roberts, Boltz and Barrows to endorse
it also—at five cents per endorse-
ment—a total of 65 cents. (Puzzle:
Does Mueller get credit for a donation
of \$2.65, on an investment of \$2, or
what? This Frenzied Finance is too
much for "pig-headed Irishmen.")

Mrs. Meagher's "Remembrance
Booth" had a sign listing sixteen "for-
mer Chicagoans worth remembering"—
because they "remember us." Mrs.
Ward Small, of Santa Barbara, Cal.;
Mrs. Edwin Hazel, of Omaha; Miss
Annie Roper, of St. Louis; the late
Mrs. Mamie Sullivan's daughter; and
the late Mrs. Angie Fuller Fisher's
nephew each sent \$5. John Mueller,
of Louisville, and Mrs. Carrie Meag-
her, of Bellevue, (both Kentuckians,
not former Chicagoans) each sent \$2
—total cash donations of \$28. For-
mer Supt. S. Tefft Walker, now of
San Bruno, Cal.; Miss Edith Dees, of
San Bruno, Cal.; Mrs. Mike Sullivan,
of San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. Lydia Mc-
Neil Wondrack, of Akron; Sol Henoch,
of LaPorte, Ind.; Mrs. Duncan Cam-
eron, of Delvan, Wis.; Miss Nellie Lind-
say, of Toledo, O.; Miss Virginia
Dries, of Peoria; and a Chicago deaf-
blind lady, Mrs. Kate Kimmeling,
all sent various donations, which were
sold or raffled. Not only the posted
names, but the geographical range
came in for much comment by patrons
of the Bazaar; the four from Califor-
nia especially.

Ann McGann is a wonderful ticket
seller. She packed the auditorium of
the Silent A. C., May 21st, when her
"High Class Vaudeville" closed a suc-
cessful annual bazaar for the benefit
of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf
Estimated capacity 525—which at 35
cents per means \$183. Deducting
some \$50 for rental of costumes, etc.,
the performance may well be called a
success.

Doors open before 8. First comers
hogged the seats: two ladies would
command an entire row of seven
chairs and tell all comers they were
reserved for their friends. The weath-
er was 84—a record hot wave for
the year—and there the crowd sweltered
until 8:52, when Nad President
Arthur L. Roberts paced out and
served as program-announcer, of the
Overture. From then until 11:22—
nearly two and a half hours—we sat
and sweltered.

Ann McGann starred herself as
promotor-artist-manager, and she did
some good acting. But the newcomers
seemed to catch the popular fancy—
the public is always keen to see some-
thing new. Horace Perry and Mrs.
Harry Leiter were easily the surprises
of the evening, with Steve Cherry and
Mrs. Edith McCarthy runners-up.
Practically everyone in the cast per-
formed creditably. The Devereaux
lassies—four hearing girls aged 6 to 12
—received a big hand. The pro-
gram:

Dance Marion Isbell.
Highland Fling Devereaux Dancers.
CARMEN
Carmen Kit Leiter
John, her admirer Ann McGann
Padre Manhan, his rival Edna Carlson
Juanita, housemaid Elva Korask
Don Diego, an adventurer Horace Perry
Irish Jig Devereaux Dancers.
IN FAIRYLAND
School girl Carolina Hyman.
Blue bird Edna Carlson.
Demon Ann McGann.
Fairies B. Carlson, E. Perry and E. Mc-
Gann.
Indians Waite Vaughn Martha Korasek.
Pilgrims Elva and Louis Korasek.
George Washington William McGann.
Martha Washington Cora O'Neil.
"Spirit of 1776" H. Perry, Jr., F.
Lee, and A. Carlson.
Army of 1898 H. Perry, F. Kaufman,
E. Carlson, and I. Zimmerman.
Red Cross Kit Leiter.
Columbia Ann McGann.
"White Bottom" Devereaux Dancers.
COMIN' THRU TH' RYE
Sandy MacTarvish Horace Perry.
Mary MacGregor Kit Leiter.
"IN THE NOBLETIES"
He Stephen Cherry.
She Edith McCarthy.
"Pink Bottom" Devereaux Dancers.
IN OLD VIRGINIA
Virgie Ann McGann.
Her mother Elva Korasek.
Leggins, her lover Horace Perry.
Slaves (Dumb, but not Beautiful) Edna
Carlson, Fred Kaufman and Wm.
McGann.
"Carmen" and "In Old Virginia"
were practically the same plays Ann
McGann gave at Jacksonville last
year. "Virginia" has been seen
on the local boards repeatedly.
Horace Perry took the blacksnake
role formerly filled by the late C.
Codman—and there was a roar when
Mrs. McGann slapped his face right
on the side where a half-healed boil
was apparent. Talk about endur-
ing suffering for the sake of art.
Perry proved a genuine artist—for
he never said a word, though the
pain must have been excruciating.
Cherry and McCarthy in their
garb of long ago—talking of strad-
dling a tandem bike, and visiting
the 1893 Chicago Fair—bought
down the house. The old-fashioned
bustle and bust seemed positively
immodest. Yet present-day garb,
dresses above the knee, bare arms
and low-cut bodice, would have
shocked the folks of 1893 as much
as their suggestive curves now
shock us. Proving it is all in what
you are used to.

I have seen many versions of
"Comin' Thru the Rye," including

that side-splitting rendition of
Rose's at the Nad last summer, and
the Perry-Leiter version was dis-
tinctly original and entertaining.
They first acted it on the banks of
the stream, then Perry wrung out
Kit's wet skirt, then they sang it
in unison with semi-dance steps.

The greatest of the great—was
conspicuous by his absence during
the Bazaar. Yes, Johnnie Sullivan,
himself. He was confined to his
home in Aurora—recuperating
from the loss of his tonsils. How-
ever President Paul Belling proved
an admirable substitute.

Mrs. Roberts and her force of
dignified dowagers rendered yeo-
man service at the candy booth.
They sold every scrap of candy—
and could have sold the crumbs
too, if there had been any crumbs.

There were eleven tables of 500
Friday night—good enough for a
mid-week evening, with another
turn-out to come the following
night. For Chicago is a city of
magnificent distances, and some of
the folks live an hour and a half
remote from the Sac.

Looking far from the healthy
boy that left us in 1916 to work
in the Goodyear plant at Akron,
Eric Ornberg spent a few days here
around Bazaar time, en route to
make permanent residence in Los
Angeles. He is suffering from
bronchitis.

Ornberg spent eleven years in the
Goodyear factory—nine as a Flying
Squadron man. He wears the gold
pins signifying five and ten years'
service. His wife—Joyce Wilson, of
Michigan, whom he married in 1923
—and two-year old son, accompany
him.

The four Hasenstab sisters sat
together at a banquet of the Illinois
Women's College, in Jacksonville,
last week—Grace, Constance and
Beatrice as graduates, and Joyce as
a member of the class of '28. Con-
stance drove down in her auto,
bringing her mother and two sis-
ters.

Waite Vaughn left May 22d, to
spend a week with his brother in
Kansas City.

James Boyer—formerly of this
city—who owns a printing office in
Freeport in partnership with a hear-
ing man, seems to have all the work
he can handle. To prove it, he
sends in his JOURNAL subscription
via the Rev. Henry Rutherford.

Among the visitors at the Bazaar
were: Mrs. Moses Graff, of Kala-
mazoo; Harry Riordan, Ottawa;
Clennan Scott, Harvey; and Mrs.
Bertie Maierhoffer, Ottawa.

William Watts, originally from
California, went to Arkansas, but
the flood put jobs non est; thence to
Detroit, where he found jobs also
non est; next here in Chicago, where
he finds business in a slump also.

Mrs. Electa Grout, who left Chi-
cago twelve years ago, is spending
the summer here with her son.

Miss Annie Stein intends visit-
ing New York City shortly, and asks
this column to request the Henry
Freys, or any of their family, to
kindly get in touch with Francis
Stein, 5741 Princeton Avenue, Chi-
cago.

Dates ahead. June 4—Opposite
Sex party, Sac. 11—Bunco and 500
at both Sac. and Pas. 18—Straw-
berry Festival, Pas.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

FANWOOD.

THE FANWOOD ATHLETIC ASSOCIA-
TION.

Monday, May 30th, 1927 (Me-
morial Day), was an ideal day, and
if the white haired Physical Director
(Frank T. Lux) had arranged with
the Weather Bureau for a fine day
in which to hold the Annual Track
and Field Meet of the Fanwood
Athletic Association. Nobetter and
suitable day could have been made
to order to suit him, and for that
matter the deaf visitors too, who
flocked to the Meet, were more
than pleased, and therefore enjoyed
what was the best Meet of the F. A.
A. since it was re-organized.

There was present the greatest
crowd ever seen on the grounds of
the school.

The games this year were arrang-
ed in more favorable manner than
on previous years, which were to
the advantage of the athletes.

Below you will get an idea of
what benefit was gained when you
observe that between sprints there
was something else going on, and
thus give them a brief rest before
another track event came off.

Below is given the program, and
the winners in each event:—
At 2:30 p.m. the parade of the
contestants and members of the F.
A. A. started. They paraded the
track several times.

At 2:45 the Volley Ball was put
in play.

At exactly three o'clock the 100yd.
dash in two heats. The first heat
was won by J. Kostyk; G. I.
Harris, second. Winner's time 11
seconds.

Second heat—Won by F. Heintz;
S. Forman, second. Time, 11 1/2
seconds.

The miniature circus followed,
and for fifteen minutes the per-
formers kept the spectators in good
humor, especially the children of
deaf parents, who were this year

more numerous than on previous
years.

The 220 yards run followed, and
was won by J. Kostyk and J.
Heintz a close second. 27 3-10 s.

The 440 yards walk was won by
P. LaBarca; Pat Prevette, who was
the pace maker, was second. This
was a very good race. Time, 1 m.,
57 s.

A nail driving contest for ladies
followed. Three ice cream cones
were given to the winners.

The final heat in the 100 dash
came next, but Dr. Fox, the field
judge thought it a dead heat, and
ordered it run again.

The bicycle race this year had
half dozen starters, but as usual
the Marshalls won. E. Marshall,
still a student at Fanwood won,
and his dad, L. Marshall, now past
the half century mark, was second.

The newest Tango by Misses M.
Wood, R. DeGuglielmo, M. Adel-
man and L. Wheeler, and latest
Charleston by Misses M. Wood, R.
DeGuglielmo and M. Adleman was
at the conclusion applauded, as
these young Misses excuted these
dances so prettily, winning the ad-
miration of all.

The 880 yards relay race had
four entries. It was won by the
Fanwood first team, comprised of
Cadets Garrick, Harris, Kostyk and
Heintz.

The Margraf team won second
place. The team comprised of
Forman, Lander, Blend (Capt.)
and Schurman.

The winning team's time was 1
minute and 53 seconds.

In the base ball target contest
only one was able to throw a ball
through a barrel about 20 yards dis-
tant. He was Irving Blumenthal.
He got a free ice cream cone.

The One-mile run was won by
A. Manning, H. Carroll was second.
The winners time was 5 m.
30 s.

The final heat in the 100 yds was
next run off, and was won by F.
Henitz; G. Harris was second.
The winner's time was 11 seconds
flat.

The exhibition in the Pole Vault
by Cadet Garrick and two young-
sters, one only 13 years old, was
perhaps one of the chief features of
the day. They cleared at 10 feet,
and can do much better. These
little boys, Vincent Sherman and
Ivan Bell, if properly developed in
the coming years may become
world champions.

Ice cream cones, lemonade and
fudge was for sale, and kept
several of the boys busy all the
afternoon disposing these. The
fudge was made by the girls of the
Barragar Athletic Association.

The medals, which were made by
Charles Sanford, were presented to
the winners at the conclusion of the
games by Principal I. B. Gardner,
who by virtue of his office is Presi-
dent of the games.

NOTES.

On Tuesday a week ago, Mrs. A.
C. Bachrach tendered a luncheon to
Miss Bernice Newman, of Holly-
wood, Cal., and had ten ladies
friends of hers as guest also to
make the occasion more enjoyable.

Mr. Joseph Peters, who left for
New York City, April, 1926, for
Reno, and afterwards journeyed to
Los Angeles, Cal., where he met
many old time New Yorkers, who
are now Los Angeles residents, re-
turned to his parental home, Wash-
ington Heights, New York City, on
Friday, May 27th. He was present
at the Field Meet of the F. A. A.,
and was glad once more to meet so
many of his friends.

Among those living at a distance
present were: Mr. and Mrs. W.
F. Durian, of Hartford, Ct. Miss
Bessie Twomey, of Lynn, Mass.;
Miss Nora Egan, of Boston, Mass.;
Mr. Charles Moscovitz of Concord,
N. H.; Miss Bernice Newman, of
Hollywood, Cal., and a score of
others whose names have escaped
the scribe.

The Fanwood Base-ball team has
booked a game with the Fanwood
Alumni team, which is to be played
on our diamond on Saturday after-
noon, June 4th. Free admission to
the diamond.

Bank That Lived for Centuries

The world's first bank was the
Bank of Venice, founded in 1171,
when the long wars between the
Guelphs and the Ghibellines taxed
the resources of the government and
of was obliged to resort to forced loans
from its wealthy citizens. Then
was organized the Chamber of
Loans, which by degrees assumed
the form of a bank, relates the Phi-
ladelphia Inquirer.

Funds once deposited in the bank
could not be withdrawn, but were
transferable at the pleasure of the
owners upon the bank's book. So
thoroughly did the bank credits be-
come the means by which the
financial operations of the people
were conducted that with scarcely
an exception in the bank's existence
these credits were at a premium over
coin, the latter often being clipped
and worn, as well as being of various
countries and uncertain values.
The Bank of Venice continued
without interruption until the
Venetian Republic was overthrown
by the revolutionary army of France
in 1797.

OHIO.

News items for this column can be sent to
B. M. Edgar, 56 Latta Avenue, Columbus,
Ohio.

From the Lima News, May 12th,
sent me, learned that a colored deaf
mute by the name of John Martin
was held up and robbed of \$69 in
that city. The man appeared at a
grocery and with the aid of a
teacher, the clerks made out that he
had been robbed. He could not
understand English and had "a
finger code" worked out in numer-
als. He is supposed to be a Cuban
and yet failed to understand any
Spanish words. He may have been
a fraud and not really deaf.

The deaf of Columbus were happy
to learn that Dr. Robert Patterson
is to deliver the baccalaureate
sermon to the graduating class on
June 5th, at the school. It will
seem good indeed to see this master
of the sign language on the platform
again in the school chapel. The class
of 1927 has sixteen members.

Mr. Albert Ohlemacher, who so
successfully managed the basket-
ball team was presented with a
small loving cup in which were
eighty-six dimes—another silver
offering—by the basket-ball players
in appreciation of his work for
them. Thursday of last week, the
Kentucky School base-ball nine
reached Columbus after a long bus
ride. They were a manly set of
boys and showed that they had been
well trained. Friday, they were
taken out to see the Ohio Home as
the Kentucky deaf are making
efforts to open a home there.

Saturday morning a game was
played and the Ohio boys came out
victors with the score of 9 to 4. In
the afternoon another game was
played and the Kentucky nine won
9 to 5. So all hands felt satisfied.
The members of the junior and sen-
ior classes gave a party Saturday
evening, honoring the Kentucky
boys. Mr. Martin came with them
and seemed to enjoy the visit fully
as well as the boys did. They left
for home Sunday morning, plan-
ning a stop in Cincinnati.

At the meeting of the Columbus
Ladies' Aid Society May 19th, a
handkerchief shower was given the
committee, in charge of the hand-
kerchief booth for the fall entertain-
ment. Then the committee, Mrs.
George Clum and Miss K. Toskey,
served light refreshments. Plans
were made for the picnic June 11th,
to be given at the home. Mrs.
Stevenson, widow of the late Pres-
ton L. Stevenson, was admitted as
an active member.

The Frats of Toledo have given
several good entertainments lately
and are now planning to send Mr.
Augustus as their delegate to the
Denver Convention. Mr. J. E.
Curry will be at Akron to represent
the Toledo Division at the State
Convention. Mr. Curry has been
a faithful employee of the Toledo
Blade for thirty-four years.

The Toledo deaf have been work-
ing hard to get their quota for the
E. M. G. fund over the top.
Messrs. Norbert Pilliod, Nathan
Henick, Ed. Hetzel and Mrs. Pil-
liod, have been the leaders in this
work.

The Silent Sunday School class in
Akron is said to be in a flourishing
condition. It now has a member-
ship of 35. Mrs. Mina Burt is their
teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil V. Hladik, of
Akron, are preparing to move to
Omaha, Neb. Their many friends
regret they decided upon such a
change.

The Akron deaf are busy finish-
ing their plans for the State Con-
vention there, and are expecting a
big crowd from every corner of
the state. We understand that the
meetings are for delegates only, but
the social affairs will be open to all.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Moreland, of
Steubenville, are now the proud
possessors of a home of their own.
Mr. Moreland holds a responsible
position in the county court house
and Mrs. Moreland (Isabella Pat-
erson) is at present as a copyist.

The reception honoring the new
missioner, Rev. F. C. Smielau at
Trinity Parish House brought out a
large crowd. He was accompanied
by his charming daughter. Mrs.
Ohlemacher called the gathering to
order and introduced Miss Zell who
welcomed Rev. Smielau to Colum-
bus, on behalf of the deaf who are
interested in but not members of
his mission. Then Miss Lamson
welcomed him on behalf of the mis-
sion. Later refreshments were
served.

Saturday services were conducted
at the Ohio Home for the residents
who had longed wish to meet the
new missioner.

The Sunday morning service at
Trinity Parish House was well at-
tended and all were greatly pleased
with Rev. Smielau's delivery.

Saturday evening, May 21st,
the Columbus Branch of the G. C.
A. A. met at the school with Mr.
H. Volp as host. Most of the
members were present and a few
invited guests. The new officers
for the ensuing year are: presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Winemiller '04;
vice president Mrs. J. C. Winemil-
ler, ex-'05, secretary-treasurer Mrs.

RESEDA, CAL., May 16.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—
Your editorial of April 14th, anent the
Convention of the American Association
of the Deaf, merits the earnest consideration
of all the deaf and their friends. You say, "it
is almost certain that at this Convention
history will be made." You state further:
"Bad would be this old world if the Sign
Language should die."
Instead of bad let's say HORRIBLE!
Because, for more than a century the re-
markable efficiency, ability, and happiness of
the American deaf, as a whole, has been due
to this same sign language more than to any
other cause. During my several months
sojourn in Europe last year I saw only too
well the true condition, mentally and so-
cially, and industrially, of the foreign deaf,
particularly in England and France, where
the deaf schools taboo the sign language and
manual spelling for so-called pure oralism,—
and really their status is far below the
American deaf.

We all know that the extremists,
the hearing oral advocates, are working over
time in an effort to destroy the great and
good Abbe de L'Epée's priceless gift to
mankind, the sign language. They do not
know this method of communication them-
selves and out of pure selfishness, ignorance,
and intolerance they do not want to know.
And yet they expect to be called friends and
benefactors of the deaf! They should be
classed as among the most ignorant of mor-
tals.

Let us hope that at this Convention at the
Ohio school that the extremist will not be
allowed too much time in explanation of his
elaborate theories, fads, etc. The education
of the deaf child (the educating his brain and
lips about in laborious, unnatural speech,
with the rhythm of the dance next in order),
is too precious a thing to be sacrificed longer
on the altar of ultra scientific and theo-
retical experiment.

This reminds me to say that I wish every
state would send a hearing friend to this
Convention to stand valiantly up for the
rights of the deaf child, as against the vain
mutterings of the extremists. Of course,
deaf teachers will be at the meeting and will
do great work, but judging from events of
the past, we never saw an oral extremist
who would listen to even the best deaf
teacher on earth.

The California Association of the Deaf
made a fine record at the legislature.
We introduced bills, we amended bills,
we defeated bills. And we learned that to do
all this effectively we had to have staunch hear-
ing helpers, politically powerful themselves,
before whom such enemies as oral extremists
could afford to weaken. California being the
most charming state on account of its balmy
climate, seems to be in most danger of be-
coming "pure oral." Being an oral teacher
is a tempting job for young women coming
west, they have got to live, and with certain
extremists always busy hereabouts it is not
difficult for any number of such women to
secure such positions. But they will learn
that they have got to come out in the open
and fight yet.

The National Association of the Deaf
should be strongly represented at this Con-
vention. President Roberts should be there
by all means. And he should also send to
valiantly for the deaf and their rights to a
sane and practical education, instead of al-
lowing the extremists to go further in their
work of destroying the happiness and use-
fulness of future generations of the deaf. The
National Association, the N. A. D. has the
money—so let us use it in such efforts to
educate the public about the deaf.

Yours forever for the rights of the deaf.
MRS. HOWARD L. TERREY.
President California Association of the Deaf.

Tickling Teacher's Ear

Teacher—Willie, can you name a
city in Alaska?

Willie—No m'm.

"Correct."—The American Boy
Magazine.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be
sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter
or postal card is sufficient. We will do
the rest

Eva Eschert, 58 years old, of 218
Linden Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. is
confined at Wyckoff Street, Bleec-
ker and St. Nicholas Avenue.
She was seriously injured by an
automobile, Wednesday evening,
May 26th, 1927. While crossing
in front of her home.

The Lutheran Guild will hold
its annual Strawberry Festival this
year on June 4th, 1927, at Lutheran
Church of Redeemer, 422 W. 44th
Street. A merry time is assured
everybody who attends, as Chairman
Ash is doing his best to make it so.
Refreshments of ice-cream cake and
strawberries will be served and
interesting games for prizes will be
played. Admission only thirty-
five berries—a bargain for a good
time. Doors open at 7:30 p.m.

Helen Ruth Peters, daughter of
Mrs. Chas. H. Vetterlein, who is
popular among the hearing people,
and well-known among the deaf, as
interpreter was given a very elabo-
rate Dinner Party at Hotel Biltmore,
N. Y., Wednesday, May 25th, by
her hearing friends, for her wonder-
ful success. Twenty-five friends
attended.

George P. Nimmo, the brother of
Frank Nimmo, who became famous
during the textile worker's strike in
Paterson, N. J., by issuing his
(now) famous act, died in the Gen-
eral Hospital in Paterson.

On Wednesday evening, June 8th
1927, at 8:30 o'clock, the Manhattan
Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., will
hold a Special meeting in the Guild
Room of St. Ann's Church, 511
West 148th Street.

It will be Initiation Night, and a
large class of novices will be initi-
ated. After the meeting refreshments
will be served.

The regular meeting or conclave
of the Manhattan Division, No. 87,
N. F. S. D., will be held on Mon-
day evening, June 6th, at the rooms
of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

"E. M. G." Memorial.

BULLETIN NO. 13.
The following contributions have been re-
ceived since the last report:

Mr. and Mrs. Lee O. Brown, (addi- tional)	3 00
Mr. Otto Johnne	8 00
Miss Mamie Delaney, per Otto Johnne	1 00
Mr. Oscar Sanders, (additional) ..	5 00

INSURANCE WILL MAKE YOU SAVE

How about a little Life Insurance? You know, the kind that comes back to you. You see, you place yourself under obligation for a small amount each year, which you hardly miss from your income, and after the policy is started, you hate to give it up. First thing you know you've got a bank-roll that never would have existed for you in any way.

And think of the protection you've been getting all the while!

No discrimination against deaf-mutes.

No charge for medical examination.

For full information and rates on your age write to—

MARCUS L. KENNER

Eastern Special Agent

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
200 West 111th Street, New York.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 43 Parkville Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.

Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month.

If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.

Room 403—117 West 46th St., New York

Objectors—To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alfred Ederheimer, Secretary, 107 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner, President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

A UNION CHURCH FOR ALL THE DEAF.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof. J. A. Kennedy, Assistant

Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M. Congregational Church at 845 S. Hope St. Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan.

Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

Headquarters for Frats stopping in the city on the way to Denver.

Harlem Club of the Colored Deaf

215 West 133d St., New York City.

The object of the club is to promote its social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open every Saturday and Sunday nights. Regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club. Clarence Basden, President; Willie Hill, Secretary 220 Chauncey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1882
INCORPORATED 1891

ROOM 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings.....First Saturdays

Chester C. Codman, President

Frank A. Johnson, acting President

Mrs. Wm. McGann, Secretary

816 Edgcomb Place

Literary Circle.....Fourth Saturdays

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

Second and Third Saturdays

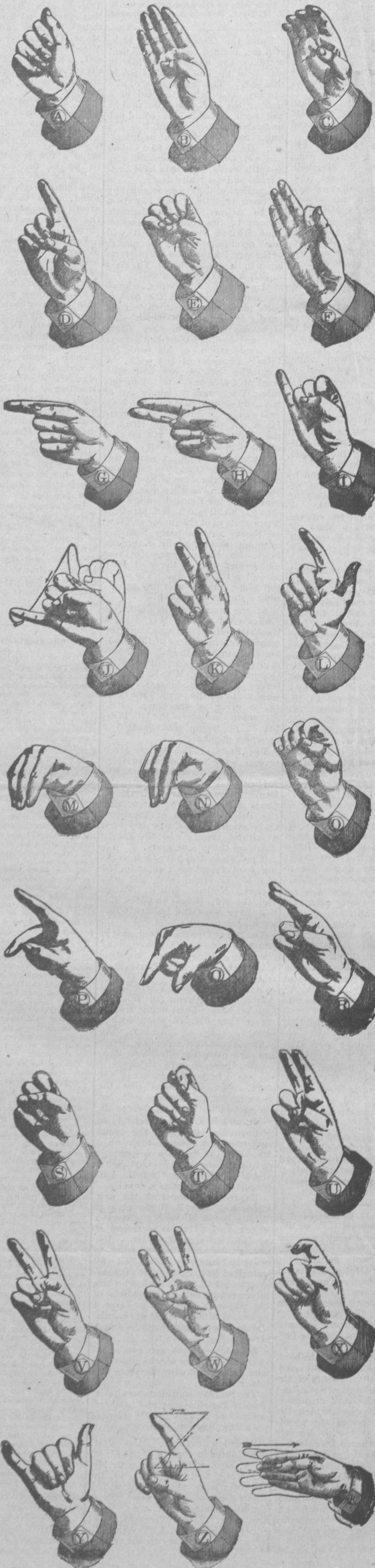
Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Albert Kroegel (deaf-mute)

703 Campe St., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Maker of Flower Badges, Hanging Baskets, Fancy Centerpieces in All Colors and Picture Frames, Scroll Sawing, Fine Work, Reasonable Prices. Call and See or Order by mail.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Official Special Train

TO THE

DENVER CONVENTION—1927

GOING (SCHEDULE "A")

Lv. Chicago 2:00 pm. Burlington Route July 9
Ar. Denver 6:30 am. Burlington Route July 11

RETURNING (SCHEDULE "B")

Lv. Denver 2:00 am. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16
Ar. Colorado Springs 5:30 am. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16

(Sleeper parked for occupancy at Denver at 10:00 p. m., July 15 and may be occupied until 7:00 a. m. at Colorado Springs)

Lv. Colorado Springs 6:30 pm. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16
Ar. Denver 8:50 pm. Colo. and Sou. Ry. July 16

Lv. Denver 11:30 pm. Burlington Route July 16
Ar. Chicago 7:00 am. Burlington Route July 18

RETURNING (SCHEDULE "C")

Lv. Denver . 11:30 pm. Burlington Route July 15
Ar. Chicago. 7:00 am. Burlington Route July 17

PULLMAN FARES: Lower Upper Compartment Drawing Room

Chicago to Denver \$10.88 \$8.70 \$30.75 \$39.00

Denver to Chicago \$13.38 \$10.70 \$37.75 \$48.00

Denver to Chicago (Schedule B) \$10.88 \$8.70 \$30.75 \$39.00

Returning via Schedule "B," N.F.S.D. special will make a one-day side trip to Colorado Springs. Auto trips to Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods, etc., have been arranged. Expense, including breakfast and luncheon, automobile trips, etc., while at Colorado Springs, \$11.85 per person.

Schedule "C" has been arranged for those who do not desire to include Colorado Springs, but who must return immediately following the close of the convention. For reservations, write your Division Secretary. State your preference of route B or C, returning. Do it now, please! Further information may be had from the undersigned.



J. R. VAN DYKE

General Agent Passenger Department, C. B. & Q. R. R.

179 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago



511

This Space Reserved
for
DETROIT CHAPTER, M. A. D.
November 12, 1927.

RESERVED
November 19, 1927
MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO 87
N. F. S. D.
(Particulars later)

Come One Come All

HAPPY HOUR SOCIAL

to be given by the
Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

For the benefit of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church Building Fund

at
IMMANUEL HALL
177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, June 18, 1927

New Games Offered. Excellent Prizes Given

Admission - 35 Cents
Including refreshments and novelties

COMMITTEE
Walter Weinstein, Chairman; C. Petersen, Ben Ash, Ehrich Berg, K. Christgau, C. Hagerman, Mrs. C. Berg, John Nesgood.

Directions—Take Canarsie or Jamaica train, get off at Marcy Ave. Station, then walk down two blocks to Driggs Avenue near Plaza of Williamsburg Bridge.

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of
Bronx Division No. 92
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

CONVENTION FUND

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1927

AT

PARK & TILFORD BUILDING
310 Lenox Ave. near 125 St.
New York City

TICKET 50 Cents
Refreshments

Old Witch & Hallowe'en Dance

under auspices of
Bronx Division No. 92
N. F. S. D.

to be held at
D. S. TURN HALL
412 East 158th Street
Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, October 29, 1927
Refreshments and prizes

Tickets - 50 cents

Directions—Take Lexington or 7th Ave. Subway to East 149th St. Transfer to 3d Ave. Elevated and get off at East 156th St. Walk two blocks north and two blocks west.

\$30 IN PRIZES FOR BOWLING \$30

PICNIC, GAMES AND BEAUTY CONTEST

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92, N. F. S. D.

at
HOFFMAN'S CASINO

Corner Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues
Unionport, Bronx, N. Y.

Saturday afternoon and evening, July 23, 1927

Music Par Excellence Admission, 50 Cents

SPECIAL — Games and Prizes for the Children — SPECIAL

BEAUTY CONTEST

Three Silver Loving Cups to the Most Voted Beauty.
Two Silver Loving Cups to the Best Waltz Dancers.

JOSEPH GRAHAM, chairman. ALBERT LAZAR, secretary.
MATTHEW BLAKE, vice-chairman. FRED BERGER, treasurer.

Directions—Take Lexington Ave or 7th Ave. Subway to 177th St. Station and take trolley marked "Unionport. Get off at Havemeyer and Haviland Avenues, thence to the Casino.

MONSTER BENEFIT DANCE

held under the auspices of

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D.

and

NEW YORK COUNCIL No. 2, K. L. D

at

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER COLLEGE

39 West 15th Street, New York

Saturday Evening, June 11, 1927, at 8 p.m.

ADMISSION - FIFTY CENTS

Proceeds to be used to purchase an artificial leg for an unfortunate brother, whose right leg is amputated.

1892 1927
35th ANNIVERSARY
of the
BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

and celebration in memory of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday

Saturday evening, June 4, 1927

at the

Chapel of the Messiah

Green and Clermont Aves, Brooklyn
Gates Ave. car stops at the door

Admission - Thirty-five Cents
Including refreshments

Come and bring your friends

COMMITTEE
Mrs. Toohey, Chairman, Mrs. Harry Liebsohn, Mrs. S. Dyer, Miss Gladys Williams, Messrs. A. McLaren, Allan Hitchcock and Ira Poorman.

Better than ever!

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

THE LUTHERAN GUILD

to be held on

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1927

at the

Church of the Redeemer

44th St. bet. 9th and 10th Aves.

Ticket - 35 Cents

Refreshments Served

B. Ash, Chairman.